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Subject: Working and Waiting.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER.



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AUTHORIZATION.

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WORKING AND WAITING.

“Having done all, to stand.”—Eph. vi. 13.

There have been views of divine sovereignty and of the nature of divine holiness such as led men, through veneration, to spiritual indolence. Much has been said about the danger of touching God's ark with unhallowed hands; and men have thought, because they must not touch the ark, that they had no right to take hold of the cart itself, and help draw it. Much has been said about invading the sphere of divine sovereignty, and about our presumption in meddling with the things which concern God rather than man. Emphasis has also been put upon the divine ordering of things—upon decrees, along which, as along a turnpike, it is supposed that God has built up institutions and plans and purposes with which we are scrupulously to take heed that we do not unduly interfere.

But such views do not agree with the Scriptures, which vehemently enjoin men to strive to work out their own salvation, with great impetus, and with tumultuous emotion—with fear and trembling. Neither do they agree with the nature of the world which we are living in, and which never of itself evolves anything that is high and good. It is the heaven of intelligence that makes natural law of any account; and the original globe would be yet chaotic, to all intents and purposes, if it were not that natural laws are ridden by human intelligence. Nor do these views agree any better with the teachings of Providence. The whole history of God's

work among men, whether in the old or in the new dispensation, lies along the line of a just and rational enterprise; and any view of the divine nature, or of the divine government, or of the inferiority of human relationships to the one or the other, such as inspires men with quiescence or indolence, is most mischievous, and in the highest degree irrational.

But, on the other hand, the whole economy of nature, the entire history of Christ's kingdom, tends toward strong desires, sagacious plannings, energetic enterprises, and most earnest expectancy.

On this side there springs up, also, a corresponding danger. As the want of a large consideration of the divine plan may lead men to indolence on the one hand, so in embracing the divine plan, and attempting to carry it forward, men may grow conceited, and may become impetuous and irrational in their zeal. Above all, when men sow with the expectation of reaping, and do not reap speedily, they may grow discontented. When men engage in enterprises which are always building and never finished, they may grow impatient of their work. It is natural for men to expect to see the fruit of their labor.

Now, both elements are to be combined. First, do all that you can; work early; work late; work hard; work in every direction in which you are called by the providence of God to work; and then, having done all, stand and wait. It is a great thing to know how to work; it is also a great thing to know how to wait; but it is a greater thing to know how to do both.

Paul, in another relation, said that he knew how to abound, and how to suffer want. There are a great many persons who know half of this, but do not know the rest. There are many people who know how to abound, but do not know how to suffer want; and there are many people whose training has taught them so that they know how to suffer want, but not so that they know how to abound. When they begin to abound, they show that they are not even apprentices in this particular. To know how to do one and the other—to know how to be up in prosperity, and then, when

the rebound comes, to know just as well how to be down in adversity ; to know how to be rich and to be a man, and to know how to be poor and to be a man still—that is manhood with a witness. It is very easy for some persons to know how to be energetic and enterprising ; but they know also how to be irritable and impatient when energy and enterprise do not speedily bring the fruit which they are after. To know how to work, and to know just as well how to wait ; to have all the drive of enterprise, and besides, to have indomitable patience in waiting for the fruit of enterprise—this is to be a completed man, a true workman of God. There is need, therefore, of provision and of caution against the over-action of enterprise and expectation into impatience, into discontent, and even into unbelief.

There are some prime considerations which will help us in measuring out further the providence which is involved in this subject.

First, in the material world, and in human society, there is a principle or scale of gradation in time—that is to say, different elements that are growing, different events that are taking place, require different measures, so far as time is concerned. Things do not happen alike in respect to the application of the cause and the production of the result. Everything is not like powder, where the explosion following the spark is so nearly instantaneous that the physical senses cannot mark any space between the one and the other. There is a very clear demarcation between causes by which they are longer and longer and longer in their operation before they produce their results.

If you look at the seasons, you find that there are some things which, early in the spring, rush right up with the first relaxation of the winter, develop themselves, and come to an end. There are many things—for instance, the asters and the chrysanthemums—which grow all summer long, and do not look out with rosy blossoms upon you until just before the frost cuts them down. There are many things which grow all summer long, and which, when the winter finds them, have not done their duty, or at any rate their work ; and it is not until the end of another summer that they show

forth the nature that is in them. And then there are a great many things which neither in one year, nor in two years, nor in twenty years, show what they are. They require more time for their development. You can grow a head of lettuce in the space of six weeks; but you cannot grow a hollyhock in less than two years; and you cannot grow an oak tree in fifty years. Men have found that out in respect to a multitude of things in nature, and they never wonder at it, and are not curious about it.

So, to come into the sphere of those things which are qualified by man's thought and enterprise, things that are simple, and that consist of single actions, may be done speedily; but things which are in their nature complex, things which have respect to a higher element or relationship, are delayed in their accomplishment. Many of the best things which men have they besiege and take as we do fortified cities. A man can open and shut a door at once, but a man cannot take a journey at once. The simple drawing out of an organ-stop is very easy; but it is not easy to know how to play on an organ after you have drawn out the stops. A child can do the one readily enough, but he can only do the other after years of practice. The complex nature of the thing to be done makes a difference as to the time that is required in the doing it.

If you look through all the relations of men in business, if you examine their processes, you will distinguish this element of gradations of time; and it is a very important element.

Now, in a general way, the length of time between cause and effect has respect to two elements—first to complexity, and second to superiority. The nearer we come to the animal conditions of life, the shorter is the period which is required for the production of results. Those things which have the nearest relation to the flesh are always the most rapid in their evolution. The briefest space between volition or exertion and result lies in the range of things which are lowest down in society and in man's experience. And as you go up, as human nature is expanded more and more, as it is developed on higher and higher planes, the results which

are sought, being complex, are delayed. To make an old-fashioned loom was not a very laborious thing; one could almost hew it out with an ax; but to make a *power* loom is a very different thing. No man can do that with one tool, nor with twenty. The one could be built in a few days: the other requires months in which to be built. The difference lies in the greater convenience of the latter, in its complexity, and in the excellence of the results which it is expected to work out. No man can build a Jacquard loom for weaving silk as easily as he would whittle out a bit of pine to stop the flow of cider from his barrel. The latter is a simple thing to do, and can be done quickly; but the former, being complicated, requires more time. In proportion as things are complex, and work toward fine results, delay is characteristic of them. And that delay runs back through the life of the present generation, not only, but back of their life to that of other generations.

A modern house can be run up between March and October, so that people can go into it, and catch cold, and die; a house now-a-days can be built quick; but it has taken at least four thousand years of work to prepare for the building of such a house. All the discoveries in the use of timber; the various improvements in the manufacture of tools; the knowledge of how to work iron, and convert it into steel; the learning how glass might be made out of sand and alkali; the multitudinous elements which have entered into the construction of that house—the world has gone in travail with these things for thousands of years. Now the workman rushes his materials together quickly; but he could not have done it if it had not been for the thinking and planning and waiting of his ancestors in the ages that are past. The mechanical arts have grown slowly, and the later developments and applications of them depend upon long reaches backward.

The further we go away, then, from the animal toward the intellectual, the more complex are our thoughts, and our wants, and our processes; and in civilization and education, whether intellectual or moral, the more complex the processes become, the longer is the duration between the cause and effect—that is, the larger the sphere of waiting becomes.

When you want low things, common things, you can have them quick : but if you want high and good things, you must wait for them. That is the substantial doctrine.

When, for instance, one attempts to do a thing which involves but a single action, or has but a single function, he can do it in a short time. To learn the art of rifle-shooting demands some time. Learning to handle the piece ; learning steadiness of nerve ; learning how so to use the eye as to make it an instrument of accuracy—this cannot be done in an hour, nor a day. And yet, after all, it is a very simple thing. There are not many elements involved in it. If a man can learn it at all he can learn it in a little while. But learning a trade is a very different thing. A man can learn to shoot a rifle in a week or ten days ; but no man can learn a trade, that is worth learning, in a week or ten days, nor in a month, nor in a year—unless he is a double compound Yankee ! Learning a trade which is worth learning requires a great deal of time.

Among trades, men can learn some of them very quick. It ought not to take a man a great while to become a good bricklayer ; but it does take a man a great while to become a good watchmaker. Where is the difference ? It is in the simplicity or complexity of the things handled. It is in the number of processes which have to be gone through with. The time required in either case depends upon the number of elements which are involved. I do not undervalue bricklaying ; it is a very useful occupation ; but considering the mental faculties which are called into play, considering the subtle questions to be determined, considering the minute touches of skill necessary, it is not to be mentioned in the same day with the building of a locomotive, or with the making of a compass, a quadrant, or any other complicated instrument of navigation. Certainly, it is not to be compared with the producing of such a thing as a watch. It is fineness, excellence, complexity, which makes the difference in the time which is required for the accomplishing of certain results.

To throw a plank across a stream is not a very difficult task. Many a maiden has done that, and walked across, bare-foot, and seen her face reflected in the water below. It does

not take long for one to make a bridge, provided it is only a plank ; but how is it when it comes to building a stately structure such as that which is going up near this spot, and which ought to teach us a hundred lessons ? Can a man go down on one side forty or fifty feet, and on the other side eighty feet, in those imprisoned caissons, till the bottom rock is found, and place it, and fill it, and solidify it to the rock, and superimpose upon it layer after layer of timber, and layer after layer of stone, and then, when the surface is reached, carry up the towers to the very summit of the arch—can he do that in a year, or in two years ? How many questions are involved in such an undertaking, with regard to the kinds of materials, and the modes of using them ! And then, by-and-by, when the foundation is completed, what care is taken in raising the superstructure ! One single wire is carried across on a boat, and taken to the top of the tower ; and, by instruments provided for the purpose, it is strained and tested as to its tensile power, and is put into its place. Then another wire comes to keep company with it, and is subjected to the same stress, and is laid alongside of its fellow. A third and a fourth are added, until a whole cable is made, every wire going through the same tests, and all of them being bound together voluminously. And this cable is only one. There are to be eight or ten cables precisely like this. Then come the suspension cords and the roadway. And when once the roadway is laid, how merrily the people go over it ! And when the workmen are finishing off the bridge, you say, “ This thing was very nicely planned : how well they are doing it ! ” But who takes into account the underground work that preceded that, in the head of the engineer who thought it out of nothing ? Who takes into account the conceiving, the planning, the arranging, the calculations of amount and cost and strength of material ? That which is outside and visible is the least part of the work.

The great work of a painter is inside of himself. Nobody sees that, because his picture is never half so good as his conception. The noblest thing that Beethoven ever wrote was not comparable to his thought. Oh ! what sermons I have preached in the solitude of my room ; but they always turned

out pale and poor when I got them off here. It is mind-work, after all, that is the great work.

And when that magnificent bridge which will carry somebody's name to posterity shall have been done, and well done, and millions shall throng over it, and it shall unite these two great cities, carrying the people back and forth—who can imagine the thinkings, the waitings, the strokes, the cuttings and carvings, and the trades which have combined to make it possible—sinking it below the earthquake's hand, and lifting it above the storm's reach? It is the amount and the complexity, not only of matter but of mind, that have gone into a structure which determine the length or the shortness of the time required for its development. Complex things which are wrought quickly nowadays are the result of long continued ancestral thinking. We are reaping the results of the inventions and discoveries of those who have gone before us, as the child gathers fruit from trees of his father's planting. If a man would have things which involve fine work from the inception to the end, he has to wait a great while for them. Things which are worth having cannot be acquired except through the lapse of time. It does not take long to get mushrooms; but if I want Cedars of Lebanon or magnificent tropical trees to ornament my grounds, I cannot bring them up as I can a toad-stool. They must have time at the root, time in the stem, time all over. Somebody must have patience to wait for them. Things which are voluminous, intricate, complex, superior, excellent in all their elements, demand time for their evolution.

When Sir Christopher Wren died he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral; but I do not think it mattered whether he was buried there, whether he was laid in a country churchyard, whether he was left on the bare ground, or whether he was sunk in the ocean. On his tomb was inscribed, "If you ask, Where is his monument? look about you." Not only the grand cathedral in which he lay entombed, but all London was his monument. He did more in his day to beautify that city than all the other architects of a hundred years. Therefore it was most fitting that the inscription of his burial-place should declare that wherever men looked they saw what he had done.

Men work ; their whole life is a series of earnest labors ; and when they die they seem to themselves to have done very little ; for no man makes any account of the secondary influences which he exerts ; no man makes any account of what he stirs other people up to do ; no man makes any account of the work that he commences, but that is to be finished by future generations. Men very seldom understand that that which they begin, and which they carry forward to a certain point, will inevitably fall into other hands and be consummated by them. There are multitudes of men whose minds have been the leaven of the age in which they lived ; but dying they seem to have done very little. They do not own houses and lands ; they have no bank stock. They seem not to have done much ; but after all, dying, dead, their works follow them ; and men who come after them say, "The whole magnitude of these results flowed from them."

When Livingston made the civil code of Louisiana little had he to show for his life ; but every year since has been, and every age in the future will be, a witness to the wisdom of that code, and to the fact that in making it he became a benefactor to the world. Very little had Washington done when he lay at Valley Forge. What did he do ? Did he fight a battle ? Did he besiege a city ? Did he capture an army ? Did he go through anything that showed him to be very efficient ? With bloody-footed soldiers he *waited*. His power of waiting, as we now look back upon it, his patience, his indomitable purpose that could stand still and wait, is among the illustrious results of that man's life.

Still more striking is the fact that the higher the result on the moral scale, the longer is the time which is required for attaining it. When you work in things which have respect to matter, when you labor with reference to the material structure of society, there is a gradation of time required according to cause and effect ; according to the complexity of the thing which is to be wrought out ; according to that part of nature which it addresses itself to and serves ; but when you turn from that to the mind itself, and not the body, you will find that still more emphatically this principle is evinced and carried out. The intellect in its relations to influences

which consist of matter can be developed a great deal faster than the philosophical intellect, or that part of the understanding which takes cognizance of the invisible relations of things. A man is an observer first, and a philosopher afterwards. A man learns to see, a great deal sooner than he learns to reason. Reason is high in the scale, and it takes a long time to come to it. It takes longer still to come to the co-operation and harmonization with each other of a number of superior faculties.

The slowest thing that can be done in this world is the building up of moral character. Many persons think that there is a lightning-like process by which men's characters can be built up by the Holy Ghost. They think that when God by his Spirit strikes the soul he knocks the old nature out of it; and that then the man rises up a new creature in Christ Jesus. If you regard this as a mere figure, there is some truth in it; but if you literalize it, and test it scientifically, and say that God changes man's nature in an instant as by a flash of lightning, it is not true. It is as far from the analogy of nature as it can possibly be. For there is no work that is so important, and none that is so high, as the creation of manhood in Christ Jesus; and there is no work that takes so much time; there is no work that is so slow; and there is no work in which men are tempted to be so impatient.

Before I make any further application of this subject, let me mention a few things which without full consideration tend to impatience and discouragement of mind.

One reason why men are impatient and discouraged is that, not having had this view which I am attempting to open up, of the different plans on which operations go forward, and of the different allotments of time according to their simplicity or complexity, and according to their inferiority or superiority, they have brought in notions obtained from lower planes of action, and employed them to measure the results of higher planes of action. Because men succeed in producing results rapidly in matters of time, in things which involve the management of physical elements, they seem to think that the continued application of the same processes which

they have been employing is all that is necessary to enable them to produce results rapidly in other spheres.

A man is very successful in business. He is quick, prompt. He plans well, and executes well. He has amassed property. He is looked up to and trusted. He is a good man. He goes into the church. He is elected superintendent of the Sunday-school. He says, "I have longed to be in such a position, that I might show what can be done in this field by the right kind of management. If you would organize your missionary work as we do our business, you would accomplish a great deal more." So he sets about organizing his school, a-b-c like—in an alphabetic way; he puts on force; and he undertakes to drive things through with enterprise.

Now, there are some points of analogy between conducting a school and conducting a business; but when a man attempts to treat human beings—little Arabs and their sisters—as though they were subject to the same coercive changes that material objects are, as though they could be treated as bales of cotton or woollen goods are; if he attempts to organize a school as he organizes things, he will have little examples right about him of how different dealing with matter is from dealing with persons. Although order, enterprise, force, and other like qualities unquestionably have a very important relation to progress and to ultimate success in every department, yet when a man has to do with the highest elements—those which pertain to the human soul—he will find that he has a task before him which cannot be accomplished to-day, nor to-morrow, nor this week, nor this year.

The work of soul-unfolding is slow because it is so voluminous; it is slow because it belongs to so high a sphere; it is slow because it requires the operation of both human and divine influences. It is a work which cannot be concentrated. And in its very nature it must develop slowly.

Therefore, by a wrong estimate of things, by measuring the elements of the higher sphere by rules which belong to the lower, men may come to feel as though they had a right to be impatient.

Many a thrifty, vigorous, frugal, enterprising housewife,

being married, carries order into a slatternly man's household. The servants are obedient, the table shines, and everything is bright as a new-coined dollar. Her success is complete, and she puts on airs, and sets herself up as a critic of those who do not get along as well as she does. So it goes on, till, by and by, she is a mother, with one child, with two children, with three children, with five children, with seven children. Besides looking after her husband's wants she has seven precious little urchins to take care of. Each one has its peculiar organization. Some take after her, some after the father, and some after somebody behind them both. She has infinite complexities to deal with. Things do not go on quite so systematically as they did. There is not quite such regularity about the house as there used to be. She does not know what the matter is. She says, "I once made everything *walk*; but now all things seem to be tangled up, and I cannot get along well." When it was matter that you had to deal with you found it easy to manage it; but now that you are dealing with mind you find that that is not matter. If there be any materialists here who think that mind is matter, I wish they could teach school a little while, or take care of children. If they would not have a demonstration that mind and matter are very different things, then I am mistaken.

So, too, a false notion of divine gifts, of their operation, and of their continuity, misleads people. There are many who have such an indiscriminate idea of God's greatness and mercy, and of his mode of applying them, that they feel that if they are only prepared, that if they only have faith, that if they only pray enough, by and by God will let fly that creative fiat which will do the thing that they wish done instantly; and they are waiting for God's blessing on the supposition that nothing more is required of them.

A man sitting on his balcony says, "It is not for me to make summer. What am I, farmer as I am, that I should undertake to dictate to God? My business is to humble myself, and pray." So he prays that he may have Indian corn on one side of his farm, and wheat on another side, and a good orchard on another side. After praying, and praying, and praying, he looks up; but he sees no wheat, and no corn.

and no apples ; and he wonders what it is that hinders God from answering his prayers. He does not know what to think.

Well now, how long do you think a man would have to wait after simply praying for corn, and wheat, and fruit, before he would get them, if he did not understand that when God works he works by natural laws ; and that the most comprehensive form of natural law is that which is wrapped up in the human organization itself ? Men who want harvests must work for them and wait for them. Men recognize this in material things, but they think it is different in spiritual things. They say, "It holds good in the realm of matter, but not in the moral kingdom of God." My friends, God's moral kingdom is the same as his natural kingdom. There is no distinction between these two kingdoms except that which you make by words. They are parts of a grand unit. They are one and the same thing. Nature begins in inorganic matter, and rises up through sentient being to the throne of God itself. It is one stupendous whole. The same analogical laws run through it from top to bottom. The same great divine processes and methods belong to every part of it. And that God who will not make the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose without industry will not cause flowers and fruits to spring up in the arid soul of a man without industry.

If, therefore, you are attempting to bring up your children by prayer, I tell you, you are like a man who goes out to hunt, and says, "The great power of hunting lies in the bow," and does not carry any arrows with him, and twangs at a deer, but does not hurt him ; or, you are like a man who goes out, and says, "The power of hunting lies in the arrow," but does not carry any bow, so that when he pulls the arrow over his hand down it goes at his feet and does not kill anything. For successful hunting there must be a good bow, and a good arrow, and a good man behind them both. If these conditions are complied with you will hit, if there be any hit in you. Says the divine Word, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling"—there is the arrow ; "for it is God that worketh in you"—there is the bow. The two things are necessary.

You who engage in moral enterprises must think, must plan, must bring energetic organization and co-operation to your work ; and then you must have that which all high work requires—patience. If God could wait thousands of years before he made the earth, and if he could wait through two, four, six thousand years before the race was evolved, and if he can wait through ages in the future before the race shall be developed to their highest destiny, cannot we wait the short time which is needful for the accomplishment of the lower and inferior ends which we are seeking in this life ?

Then there is the temperamental element which comes in here. You have probably noticed that a man who is very abdominal, who is great-headed, who is sleepy-eyed, who has collopy cheeks, and who is blest all the way down to his feet, generally has a great deal of patience. He is patient because his nerves are so far under the fat that nothing can stir them up. Everybody is patient when he is asleep or dead. And you will have noticed that when another man whose nerves are reticulated all over him, and who is sensitive to every particle of dust that flies, is perpetually on fire, and has very little patience, this large, slow man says, “ My friend, patience is a great virtue ; ” and this little, fiery man is irritated at the idea that he should be talked to thus ; and he says, “ Patience ? yes, patience ! an angel would not be patient where I am.” I do not think he is capable of judging of this quality ; he is not much acquainted with patience ; there is this temperamental element to be considered.

Men are organized so that they feel acutely and deeply and impetuously ; and they are often in a hurry ; and when they are hindered they blame men, and providence, and God himself. They *curse God and die*. If all that men think and feel were set down to them as if they had done it, there would be a great deal of swearing, a great many oburgations, and a great deal of censuring providence charged against them. Some men are impatient because they are subject to different influences ; because the forces which operate upon them are forever changing ; because their efforts in this or that direction are scattered ; because the results of their labor are delayed.

If a stone-mason should take a large block of stone to hew it into a cube of six feet, and strike three blows a day on it, how long would it take him to prepare it for a building? And suppose he were the only one that was working on that building, how long would it take him to complete it? Men work so in moral and spiritual things, and then they marvel that the result is not accomplished speedily.

Now, there are three applications that I wish to make of this subject—first, to self-culture, second, to household culture, and third, to society culture.

Men are discouraged, frequently, because they make so little progress in the use of their lives for the development of Christian experience and Christian character. To be a Christian means the development and education of one's whole self. It means being a perfect man in one's relations to men on the material globe. Paul prayed that men's bodies, as well as their spirits and souls, might be preserved blameless. To be a Christian means to be a man in things that touch our relations to men in this life, as well as in things which touch our relations to God and angels in the other life.

There is no greater work on earth than that of developing everything in man; of bringing it into harmony; of holding it back from wrong doing, and pushing it forward to positive excellences. He builds a great thing who builds a pyramid; but he builds a greater thing who builds a character. He has done a noble thing who has erected a temple; but ye are temples of the Holy Ghost, and in the future you will be transcendently nobler than St. Peter's, St. Paul's, or any domed structure in the world. It is a great thing for a man to paint fine pictures, and carve noble statues; but Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel are not to be compared with the frescoes that are being painted in that wondrous hall, the human soul. He who knows how to live a life sweet, beautiful, harmonious, lovely, of good report, and knows how to store his whole mind and soul with noble thoughts and heroic traits of excellence, builds and adorns as no artist ever did in matter.

And this mental and spiritual development is not a work of to-day nor of to-morrow: it is a slow work; and men

should not be discouraged because its results are so long delayed. They ought not, because it is slow, to hold back, and say, "I am not responsible." Work on, and work harder to the end of life; put on all your force; and do not be impatient because, after you have done all, you have so little to show for it. Having done all, stand and wait.

If, then, any of you are trying to break an unruly tongue, do not give up. Try on, and be not impatient. If that temper which is quick and fiery is not yet subdued, do not cease your effort. Do not say, "There is no use of my trying." Do all you can, and then wait; again do all you can, and wait again; try till the end of life, and still wait. Your trying and waiting are not in vain, as you will see by-and-by. There is another life besides this which you are going to live in. What you are doing here you will not know till you get there. In respect to this life you can form some judgment of what the results of your labors have been, but there is something higher than that and more than that.

This is a manifold life. We have manifold writers so made that though a man writes on but one sheet, what he writes goes down and impresses itself on many sheets besides. The difference is that when you write in the spirit you write with reference to two worlds. What you write, though you do not see it here, is magnified and glorified beyond; like a picture that being seen through a lens is greatly enlarged and beautified.

Many and many a man who works against his temperament and against discouragements, and who works to no purpose, when he dies, and the all-revealing light of the resurrection comes, will stand with mute surprise and amazement to see what invisible influences were brought to bear upon him, and what he accomplished by his patience and fidelity; nay, he will break out in adoration and joy at the thought of that God who did so much through him, when he seemed to himself to be doing so little.

You are worse than you think you are; you are better than you think you are. You are not doing half so much as you ought to be doing; you are doing a thousand times more than you dream of. You are working for this life too exclu-

sively, but your work strikes through into the future life, and there is another significance given to it on the other side.

Let no man, then, be discouraged. Let no man say, "It is useless for me to work." Persevere. Eternity is near at hand; and eternity is long. That which you now behold is not the real: the real has something better than the eye can see, or the ear hear, or the hand handle. You are immortal; you are spiritual; you are of God; you are going back to God; and that which is real to you is that which your senses cannot perceive. So do not despair. Hold to your purposes. Raise your ambition. Lift your standard higher. Work: it is God that is working in you.

Then, in the household, do not be discouraged because all your work there seems to be in vain. It is not in vain. I know that oftentimes there is a sorrow that does not bleed, but yet aches. I know that there are fine, exquisite troubles that touch the very center of sentience and consciousness, that the lips cannot murmur, and that the thoughts almost refuse to bear. I know there are thousands of persons who live under a sense of condemnation all the time, and say, "I am discharging my duties to my children, oh, how poorly!" I know that many a father thinks, "I hold, it is true, a sort of outside relation to my children; but oh, I have done so little for them!" Then there are instances in which parents have trouble with their children. One child has gone wrong, and you are waiting to bring him back. Another child has gone wrong, and it is all that you can do to endure the grief which he has caused you. There are also troubles which come from deformity, and from non-illuminated understandings in your children. There are disfigured children; there are fractious children; there are disobedient children; there are conniving children; and I would not take away from you one stimulus of fidelity toward them; but this I say: While you are doing good do not hurry God. Do not say, "He does not hear me;" or, "My prayers are unanswered." You do not know that. It is a long way that God travels when he comes with his best gifts; and it does not matter much whether you get them on this side or on the other.

Oh, sorrowing father! oh, heart-broken mother! your child is a wreck; and yet God, when you rise in the other life, may put that child in your arms, and say, "Your work saved her. You did not know it, but I did." Do not give up till the very end; hold on till the last; for God is mightier than you are; and the best works are the slowest; and the most precious things often come latest.

To those, also, who are working upon society, let me say: You are not to grow impatient. You are not to hurry Providence. You are not to lift up exclamatory hands at God's delay. The work which Christian men essay when they attempt to do good in society is so vast and so far-reaching, its elements are so multitudinous, its relationships are so fine and so much above the level of ordinary apprehension, that no man should for one single moment indulge in impatience.

You are a child of culture and of wealth. Your heroism has taken you from your father's house, and sent you South, among the ignorant and degraded remnants of the slave population, where you are an outcast from society; and you have labored for months and for years; and looking around you, you say, "I have not reaped enough to make it worth while to have undertaken this." But do not give up. Stand!

I think the most affecting story that I ever heard, because it is so nearly like Christ's, was that of a Christian man who went to the West India Islands to preach to the slaves. He found them so miserable, so hard-worked, so utterly exhausted, that when they came from the field he could not teach them anything. They would not listen to him. He was white, as their oppressors were. Finding that he could make no impression on them, he sold himself to their masters, and became a slave, and was driven afield with them, and was fed on their poor fare, and was dressed as they were dressed, and was lashed as they were lashed, and was worked as they were worked. Thus he was enabled to gain their confidence and whisper the Gospel to them. He gathered them around him, and told them the glad tidings of salvation. He made himself like unto them, and suffered for their sake. And yet his work was so small that when he died it was

scarcely enough to be seen. That one history, which is the sublimest reproduction of the very spirit of the incarnation of God in Jesus Christ, had only just begun to sprout when he died. But it has been traveling out in one literature, and in another literature, and has gone on fructifying human intelligence and purpose, and it will never die. As long as the human race lasts there will be men to tell that same story; and the whole world will be sown with the precious seed of that single life, which seemed to this man, when he died, to have been thrown away—but which was not thrown away.

If there are disheartened ministers (and there are) to whom my words will find their way, I fain would say something to encourage them. I do not thank God so much because I have the favor of men; I do not thank God because men sometimes overpay me with admiration; but I do thank God, from the bottom of my soul, and every day of my life, that my words carry comfort to people in obscurity; that they go to the great working-classes; that they reach the infirm, the aged, the sick, those who are ready to perish. This is a blessing that I never can measure nor enough appreciate. And my words of this morning will go out to many a weary missionary in the frontier settlements; to many a Christian man who has taken his fortune in his hand, and gone into a new land, and is trying to build up a school against many an obstacle, and is bearing witness for Christ among swearing and drinking and gambling men, and is standing in the midst of discouragements, ready to abandon his work. O, never give up—never! Die by the flag! Do not surrender! Stand to your work. And having done *all*, STAND!

I send out the word of cheer, of hope and of consolation, north, south, east, west, to the islands of the sea, and among the groping heathen, to every man whom Christ has touched, and in whom the sense of immortality has begun to develop. Workers for God, and workers for man, you are essaying the greatest tasks that are possible for time. Do not think that your work is slow because the results are not near. Work cheerily; and when you can no longer work by sight, work by faith. You can derive hope and encouragement from that which is not visible to the outward eye.

A man wakes in the night, sick, and wants to send a message to his physician. He can find no light ; so he takes his pen and writes. Not being able to see the lines, his writing runs down-hill and up-hill, and is blurred here and there ; yet it is not the way the message is written, but that which is in it, that is important. And when it is finished, he despatches a servant with it, hoping that it will bring him the desired relief. There is a great deal of poor writing in the lives of men. So far as the visible results of their work are concerned they are very poor ; but it is for the Master ; and oh ! He who gave his Son to die for us—shall he not freely give us all things ?

Enlarge your ideas of God's providence. Make the horizon of your faith broader. Fill the heavens full of the evidences of divine love. Remember that nature is nothing but providence under another name ; remember that providence is God ; and remember that over all, through all, and in all, God is working, and that in him you live and move and have your being. The morning is God to me ; for it brings the Sun of Righteousness. The evening is God to me ; for he made that as well as the morning to rejoice. Everywhere, in tears, in sorrow, in losses, in imprisonment, in chains, in degradation, yea, and in death itself, the child of God will find great victory. Then hold on to God ; follow in the steps of Jesus Christ, though they be in blood ; and when he shall appear you shall be like unto him.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

OUR Father, our wants are ever new, and they move in the same circle. We draw near to thee this morning. Thou knowest that the things which we outwardly perceive are but few and of small account. Our infirmities, the sins which spring from them, our impetuous natures, or our dull and laggard performance—these, which are but the outbursts of the inward want—how often have we confessed them! and yet, when we have confessed them, how little do we seem to have done! Thou hast revealed to us the great inward kingdom of God which each of us is bearing; and we look within to see where are the pleasant streets, paved with gold; where are the gates of pearl; where are the precious stones that are in the battlements; and where are the sweetest and most blessed estates of mind which represent in us the power of God's dear Spirit. We behold a wilderness with but here and there a patch reclaimed; and that which we have builded, as yet, for the most part, is crude and unshapely. Where are the gates of pearl? Where are the carbuncles and the sapphires? Where are the things most glorious to behold? Above all, where are those chanting bands that come forth out of the gates to raise the song of praise to God? We are poor within. Our souls are like wildernesses covered with rank growths, untrained, often evil; or they are as desert sands on which nothing will grow. That which is strong is often strong for evil, and that which is good is weaker than water. When we look at what we are, there is no life left in us; nor have we any hope except that which comes from the thought that what we are we are underneath thine eye, and that the same hand which framed wondrously the body, yet more wondrously framed the soul, and that the same providence and long-waiting love and nourishing kindness which have sustained the globe thus far is content to bear a world full of such creatures as we are through many generations and ages; and to wait for their growth, and to labor for them, and to inspire them, and to bring them into that state which shall be translation into a fairer clime, a better soil, and a higher culture. We turn away from ourselves. When we look this way we see no light, no comfort; but when we think of thee there is great joy ministered to us. As little children look up and wonder, and yet absolutely trust, and think their fathers to be greater than all heroes are; so we look up and know that thou art the Lord of lords, that there is none beside thee, and that thou art not as we are, racketed about in this narrow sphere of time. The years rush by us, and are few, and we make haste; but thou dwellest in eternity; and in the endlessness and boundlessness of thine estate thou art not hurried. Thou canst afford to await those slow evolutions through generations which perplex men, and distract them. And we rejoice in that greatness, in that up-reach of being which so transcends every measure we have on earth. We rejoice that thou art from eternity and unto eternity.

And now, O God, thou knowest how little we understand in saying it; but we have this thought which thou hast raised up in us, that go where we may, there is the wonder-working power of thy goodness, above us, within us, behind us, on every side, beneath, everywhere, in

heaven, on earth, in time and through eternity. Thou triumphant One, by the power of thy wisdom and by the power of thy goodness thou art reigning. Overwhelming shall be thy final victory. Nothing that lifts itself against thee shall prosper. And in the end, all things shall have wrought together for thy glory, and for the good of thy creatures. And in this thought of God's greatness, of his mercifulness, of his lovingness, of his power and of his wisdom, we trust. We trust it as little children trust their mothers whom they do not half understand, but from whom come to them that sweet quiet and peace which are the balm to all its fears and all its troubles. And we do not trust only so far as we can analyze and divine: we trust according to the measure of our want; we trust according to the boundlessness of the misery that would come to us if we did not trust; we trust because the heavens are full of thee, and because all time is full of thee, in the greatness of thine invisibleness. Our souls go out unto thee. We worship thee; and yet we do it with a trembling consciousness that we are in the twilight, and that we see thee as men see trees who are half cured of their blindness. We rejoice, O God, that thou art more than the human thought can conceive. What wouldst thou be to us as God if thou wert not other than anything we can think of? We rejoice in thine invisibleness and magnitude and incomprehensibleness.

And we pray that we may not only stand afar off, thus admiring and rejoicing with trembling, but that we may have a sense of thy helpfulness. Every day, in its light and joy and bounty, may we not cease to give thanks. Over all our sorrows, over all our troubles, over all our labors, over all our disappointments, may there rise a sense of God's great goodness. And whatever complaint we make, may it in expressing itself begin with thanksgiving and end with thanksgiving. May we bind up our wounds with thanks, and stand in thy presence forevermore recognizing the goodness of God to us.

And we pray that thou wilt draw near to those who are not able to rise to this argument of faith and trust; to those who lie like leaves upon the ground in autumn, shaken off from the tree where they grew, and helpless; to those whom the wind blows hither and thither. Wilt thou, O God, sustain them against that which they feel that they cannot sustain themselves against. Raise up a wall of defense, we beseech of thee, for even the poorest and most needy of thy people. If they have fallen, if they are dying even, thou canst make their falling or dying appear in more glorious garniture than the garniture of the trees in summer. May they learn how to die unto Christ, and in Christ unto God, so as that when Christ shall appear they shall appear with him, and in him.

We pray that thou wilt help all those who are under the pressure of bereavements, and sit in sadness and sorrow, and do not know how to turn themselves. As men whose lamp has gone out are in the darkness of familiar rooms, and grope, and know not how to find their way, so dost thou often by sorrow bewilder thy people; and yet, speak unto them, that they may know that thou art present, and that they may rejoice even in the midst of great pain and suffering.

We pray that thou wilt be with those who have troubles of heart:

who are necessitous; whose better nature trembles and is afraid; who every day look up with anxious thoughts. O Lord, thou that didst bear the cross, dost thou give them an empty cross? Has any soul ever come and taken thy cross, that thou wert not with it and beneath it, to bear it? How many have taken that cross, as of dry and seasoned wood, and found it springing forth and clasping them with a thousand tendrils and branches, every branch full of fruit, till they were embowered and embosomed in that which seemed to them a task or labor! Draw near, then, to all those who are in any trouble of mind, and so magnify thyself unto them that their trouble shall not be able to abide. When quiet days come, then comes the dust that settles on the fairest things; but when rousing winds come, then comes cleansing, and the dust is blown away. Send, we beseech of thee, that wind from heaven which shall take away the dust of care and the grime of trouble from us, and give us clear skies at last between our souls and thine.

We pray for all who are sick. Wilt thou be very gentle and gracious unto them, that they may walk the way of health in this life, or the way of health in the life which is to come, where there shall be no more sickness, nor pain, nor crying.

We pray that thou wilt bless those who are struggling with poverty. May they be brought out from the bondage of those things which tend to drag men down to that which is carnal and visible. Sustain their faith who wrestle against cold and hunger and want. Be thou, O God, a providence to them, in this inclement season; and, amid so much outcasting of men, and so little of labor that brings warmth and food, open the hearts of all thy people. May men now remember the brotherhood that is between man and man.

We pray that thou wilt guide all those who are heavy-laden; who are bearing the heat and burden of the day. Open the way before them, and lead them in it; and may they be manly and courageous and patient to the end.

We pray for our land. Be pleased to bless the President of these United States, and all who are joined with him in authority. Bless the Governors of the several States. Bless all the magistrates and judges of the people. And we pray that thou wilt grant that this nation may thrive not only in outward strength but in knowledge and in virtue. May this nation not be built up into great power for cruelty and oppression, but may it lead the way among the nations toward peace, toward virtue, toward justice, toward goodness, toward the dawn of that day which is promised. Oh, for the unlocking of that casket in which is peace! Thou hast promised good things, and time hath brought forth something of all thy promises; and yet, O Lord, behold how the earth still doth lie in darkness and in wickedness! Thou that didst brood the old chaos, art not thou brooding still? and wilt thou not bring forth from out of darkness the morning light, and all the glory of the Lord, and that noble kingdom in the souls of men which thou hast come to establish? Let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit.

Amen.

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

OUR Father, we pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing on the word spoken. Dear Lord, make us patient. Rebuke our impatience. Make us realize our imperfections. We are so unworthy of our calling, we are so poor in the things in which thou desirest us to be rich, we are so lean where thou wouldst have us abound, the lives we are living are so miserable compared with those which thou hast commanded us to live, that we deserve condemnation. Deliver us from wrangling as to who shall be first, and so from neglecting the work which thou hast given us to do. Inspire us to follow thee with all the earnestness of our nature. Turn and look on us, and make us ashamed of our short-comings. Behold us with those eyes whose power is in their love, and enable our innermost selves to triumph over our outward selves. Sustain, we beseech of thee, those who are borne down by discouragement. Take hold of us, every one, by thine omnipotent hand, and lead us till we stand in Zion and before God. And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

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